I got a promiſe of this faire one heere
To have her love : provided that your fortune
Atchiev'd her miſtres.
Por. Is this true *Nerriſſa?*
Ner. Madam it is, ſo you ſtand pleaſd withall.
Baſſ. And do you *Gratiano* mean good faith?
Gra. Yes faith my Lord.
Baſſ. Our feaſt ſhall be much honoured in your mariage.
Gra. Weel play with them the firſt boy for a thouſand ducats.
Ner. What, and ſtake down?
No, we ſhall nere win at that ſport and ſtake downe.
But who comes heere? *Lorenzo* and his Infidell?
What, and my old *Venecian* friend *Salerio?*

Enter Lorenſo, Jeſſica, *and* Salerio *from* Venice.

Baſſa. Lorenzo and *Salerio*, welcome hither,
If that the youth of my new intreſt here
Have power to bid you welcome : by your leave,
I bid my friends and countreymen,
Sweet *Portia* welcome.
Por. So do I my Lord, they are intirely welcome.
Lor. I thanke your honour, for my part my Lord,
My purpoſe was not to have ſeen you here,
But meeting with *Salerio* by the way,
He did intreate me paſt all ſaying nay
To come with him along.
Sal. I did my Lord,
And I have reaſon for it, Signior *Anthonio*
Commends him to you.
Baſſ Ere I ope his Letter
I pray you tell me how my good friend doth.
Sal. Not ſick my Lord, unleſſe it be in mind,
Nor well, unleſſe in mind : his letter there
Will ſhew you his eſtate. *open the letter.*
Gra *Nerriſſa* cheer yond ſtranger, bid her welcome.
Your hand *Salerio*, what's the newes from *Venice?*
How doth that royall Merchant good *Anthonio?*
I know he will be glad of our ſucceſſe,

We are the *Iaſons*, we have wonne the fleece.
Sal. I would you had won the fleece that he hath
Por. There are ſome ſhrewd contents in yond ſame
That ſteales the colour from *Baſſanio's* cheeke,
Some deere friend dead, elſe nothing in the world
Could turne ſo much the conſtitution
Of any conſtant man : what worſe and worſe?
With leave *Baſſanio* I am halfe your ſelfe,
And I muſt have the halfe of any thing
That this ſame Paper brings you.
Baſſ. O ſweet *Portia*,
Here are a few of the unpleaſant'ſt words
That ever blotted Paper. Gentle Lady,
When I did firſt impart my love to you,
I freely told you all the wealth I had
Ranne in my veines, I was a Gentleman,
And then I told you true : and yet deere Lady
Rating my ſelfe at nothing, you ſhall ſee
How much I was a Braggart, when I told you
My ſtate was nothing, I ſhould then have told you
That I was worſe then nothing; for indeed
I have ingag'd my ſelfe to a deere friend,
Ingag'd my friend to his meere enemie,
To feed my meanes. Here is a Letter Lady,
The Paper as the body of my friend,
And every word in it a gaping wound
Iſſuing life bloud. But is it true *Salerio*,
Hath all his ventures fail'd, what not one hit?
From *Tripolis*, from *Mexico* and *England*,
From *Lisbon*, *Barbary*, and *India*,
And not one Veſſell ſcape the dreadfull touch
Of Merchant-marring rocks?
Sal. Not one my Lord.
Beſides, it ſhould appeare, that if he had
The preſent money to diſcharge the *Iew*,
He vvould not take it : never did I knovv
A creature that did beare the ſhape of man
So keen and greedy to confound a man.